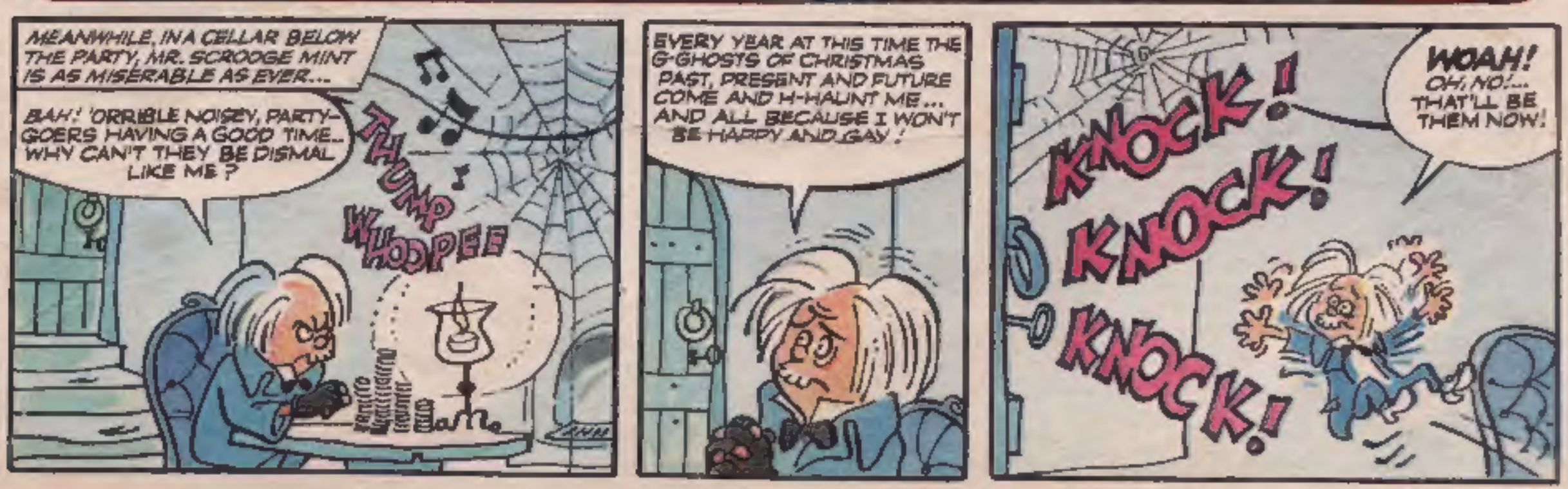
Sevenpence

TV COMIC

A happy Christmas to all our readers

Every Monday — Week Ending 28th December, 1968 — Number 889

KEN DODD'S DIDDYMEN


MEANWHILE, IN A CELLAR BELOW THE PARTY, MR. SCROOGE MINT IS AS MISERABLE AS EVER...
BAH! 'ORRIBLE NOISEY, PARTY-GOERS HAVING A GOOD TIME.. WHY CAN'T THEY BE DISMAL LIKE ME?
THUMP WHOOPEE
EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME THE G-GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE COME AND H-HAUNT ME... AND ALL BECAUSE I WON'T BE HAPPY AND GAY!
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
WOAH! OH, NO!... THAT'LL BE THEM NOW!

More Ticklemas tattyflarity on page 2.

WHO I-IS IT?.. W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?...

IT'S ME, HAMISH.. I CAN'T FIND A PARTNER AT THE PARTY TO PULL A CRACKER WITH...WILL YOU PULL IT WITH ME?

YOU GAVE ME A SCARE.. CLEAR OFF WITH YOUR CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS GAMES!

EEK!

OCH, OUCH!

BUT WHEN MINT ENTERS HIS ROOM...

STILL YOUR SAME OLD MISERABLE SELF ARE YOU, MINT?...

AAARGH! IT'S THEM!

WE'RE GOING TO HAUNT YOU FOR BEING SUCH A ROTTER!

OOER.. H-HELP! L-LEAVE ME ALONE!

C-CAN'T T-TAKE M-MUCH MORE!

WHAT A MISERABLE PLACE THIS IS TO HAVE TO HAUNT!

YEAH! AND ON CHRISTMAS EVE!

I KNOW... LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

SO...

♫ TWIST.. TWIST AROUND! ♫

HURRAH!

WHOOPEE!

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE... MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

WHAT A NOISE THEY'RE MAKING IN THAT CELLAR!

WE CAN'T HEAR OURSELVES MAKING A RACKET ... LET'S GO DOWN AND COMPLAIN!

THUD! BANG!

SO... YOU'RE MAKING SO MUCH ROW WE CAN'T ENJOY MAKING OUR OWN DIN!

WELL WHY DON'T WE ALL GET TOGETHER AND MAKE A BIGGER DIN.... COME IN AND JOIN US!

MINUTES LATER...

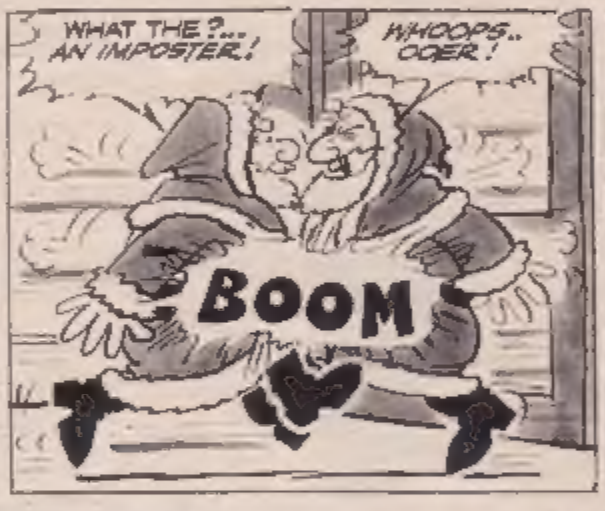
EVEN SCROOGE MINT HAS JOINED IN! HO! HO! HO!

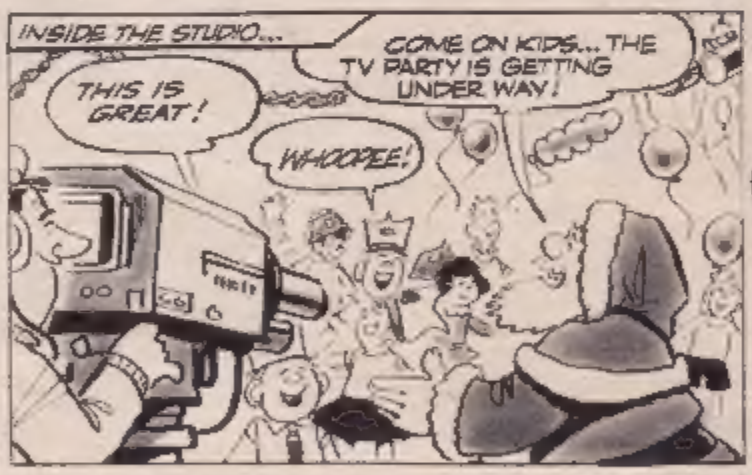
Next week the Diddy Doctors give a clock a tick-transfusion!

TV TERRORS

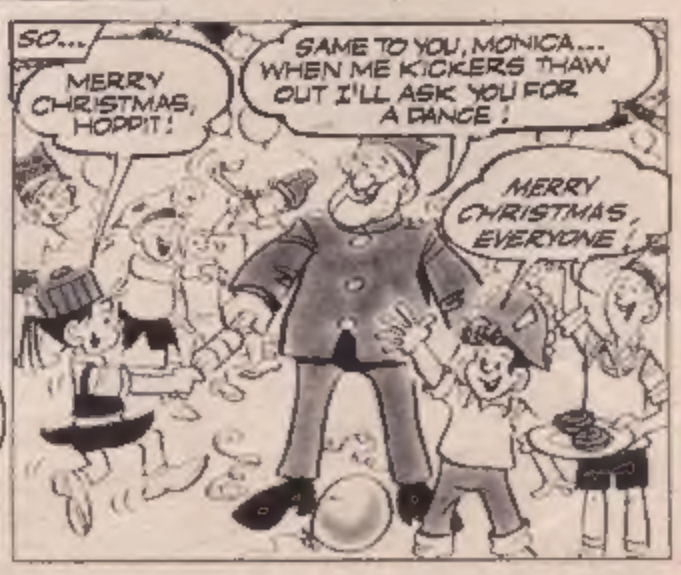
SANTA HASN'T TURNED UP TO START THE PARTY... HE MUST'VE BEEN HELD UP SOMEWHERE!
TV CHRISTMAS PARTY
SANTA CLAUS TO GIVE PRESENTS AWAY!

SO, MINUTES LATER...
HALLO SANTA.. WE'VE COME TO COLLECT SOME NICE CHRISTMAS SURPRISES FROM YOU!
WHY OF COURSE, CHILDREN! HO! HO! HO!... I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO SEE ME!





THE MYSTERY OF THE SECOND SACK IS SOON SOLVED...
P-PLEASE M-MAY I JOIN YOUR PARTY, S-SANTA?.. IT'S F-FREEZING OUT THERE IN TH" THE SNOW!
OF COURSE.. ALL IS FORGIVEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!



Hoppit has a kick-happy new year next week. Don't miss the fun!

THE AVENGERS

STEED, Tara King, and three senior officers of the armed forces have been reduced in size by an incredible robot, the invention of a Mr. Spooner, manager of the toy department of a big London store. They succeed in knocking out the mad manager, but, until they have regained their normal size, danger still threatens . . .

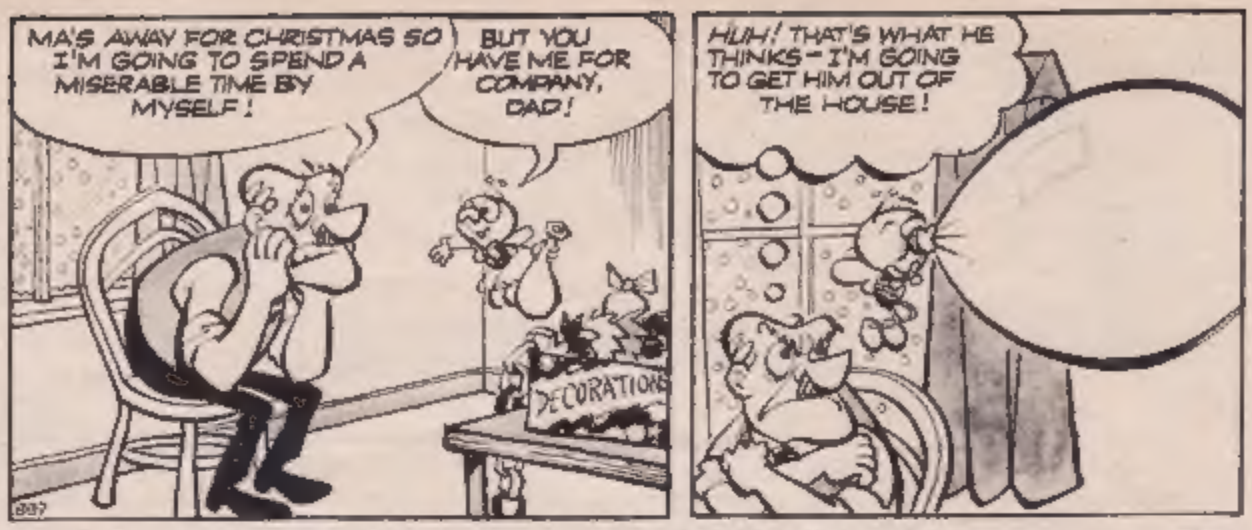
AND THE WEIRD, PULSATING BEAM OF LIGHT RESTORES THE THREE MEN TO NORMAL SIZE...
IT WORKED — NOW TO DEAL WITH SPOONER!
HEY, STEED — GET ME CONVERTED TOO!

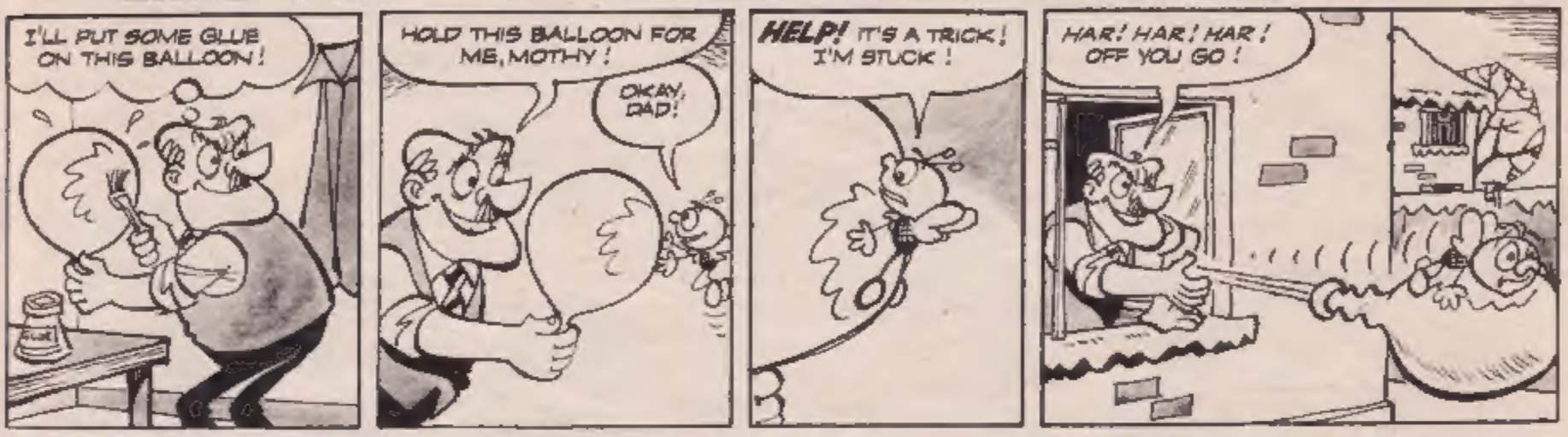
ONLY A FEW HOURS LATER, AND ONCE AGAIN THE DEPARTMENT IS CROWDED WITH MORNING SHOPPERS...
DO YOU THINK ANYBODY WOULD BELIEVE WE FOUGHT A BATTLE HERE, STEED?
I RATHER DOUBT IT, MISS KING — BUT NOW IT'S TIME WE WERE ON OUR WAY!

Based on the Thames Television production.

A sensational new Avengers story starts next week: SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION!

MIGHTY MOTH


MA'S AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS SO I'M GOING TO SPEND A MISERABLE TIME BY MYSELF!
BUT YOU HAVE ME FOR COMPANY, DAD!
DECORATIONS
HUH! THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS - I'M GOING TO GET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE!



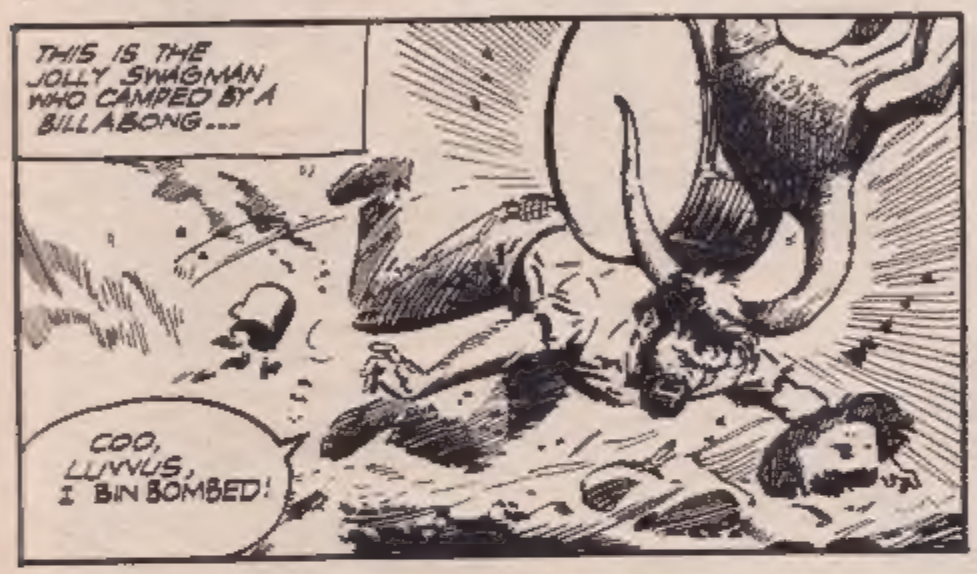
HE'S GONE! NOW I CAN BE MISERABLE ALL BY MYSELF! WHAT'S THIS PARCEL?
IT'S A... (GULP!) A PRESENT FROM MIGHTY MOTH... AND I TURNED HIM OUT IN THE COLD! (SOB!)
TO DAD FROM MIGHTY
IT'S GETTING DARK! I MUST FIND HIM! I MUST!
MUCH LATER... FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW! HE MUST HAVE FREED HIMSELF FROM THE BALLOON AND DECIDED TO WALK!

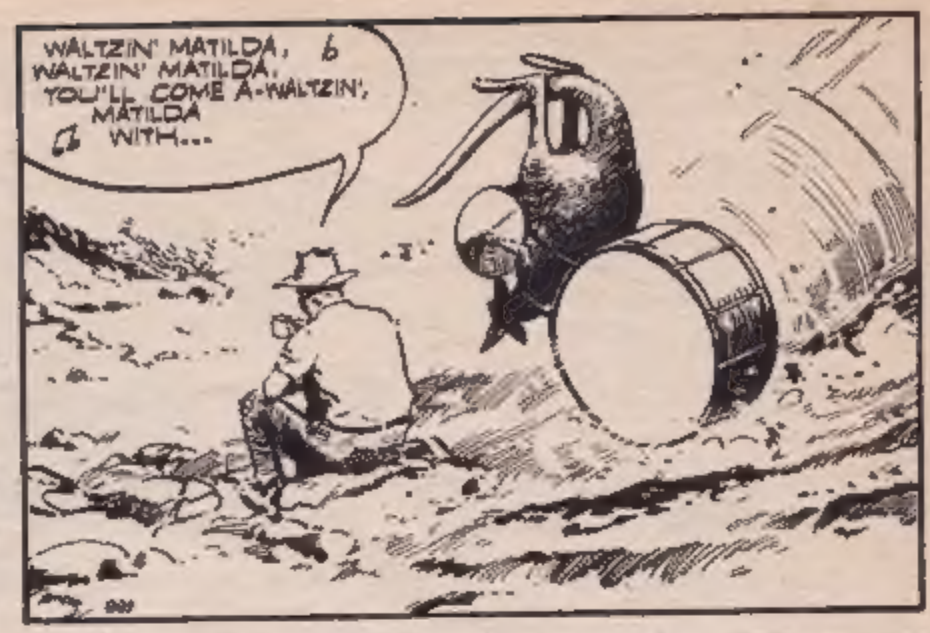
POOR LITTLE CHAP... ALONE ON A DARK NIGHT!
?
'ALLO, 'ALLO! WHAT'S GOIN' ON, THEN?
I'M LOOKING FOR...
HI, DAD! I'M KEEPING WARM IN THE POLICEMAN'S COAT!
SO YOU'RE THE ROTTER WHO TURNED THIS POOR LITTLE MOTH OUT INTO THE COLD, ARE YOU? YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO THE STATION WITH ME!
BUT IT'S NOT AGAINST THE LAW TO KICK A MOTH OUT!
I KNOW, BUT I'M ALL ALONE AT THE POLICE STATION AND I NEED SOME COMPANY! (SOB!)
LET'S HAVE A PARTY!
SO, AT THE POLICE STATION...
I HOPE YOU HAVE A SUPER CHRISTMAS LIKE US, READERS!
POP

Join the New Year reunion of the McDad Clan next week!

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

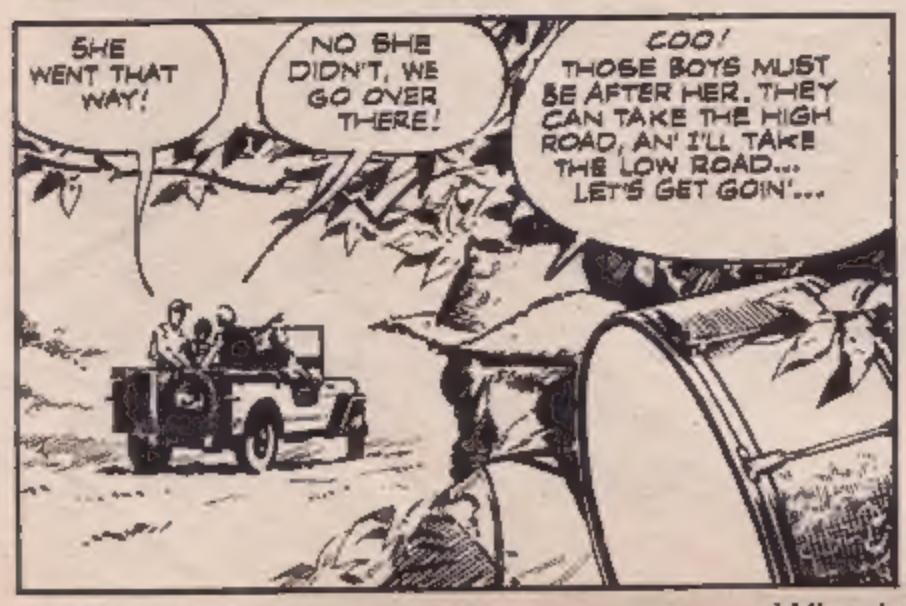
A NEW beat group want to have Skippy as their drummer, so Sonny has helped to strap the big drum to Skippy's back so that she can learn to bang it properly with her tail. But Skippy likes to jump when she bangs the drum and clangs the cymbals strapped to her wrists, with the result that the drum overbalances her and she goes rolling downhill . . .





BUT SKIPPY INSISTS ON STRUGGLING. SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE SWAGMAN...
HELLUP! SHE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME. I'LL HAVE TO PUT HER IN THE DRUM. I KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT!

THERE, ME DARLIN', YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE NOW, AN' THAT TRIP DOWNHILL MADE A HOLE IN THE RIM SO YE'LL HAVE SOME AIR TO BREATHE. HOLD STILL, OLD GIRL!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!


SHE WENT THAT WAY!
NO SHE DIDN'T, WE GO OVER THERE!
COO! THOSE BOYS MUST BE AFTER HER. THEY CAN TAKE THE HIGH ROAD, AN' I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD... LET'S GET GOIN'...

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

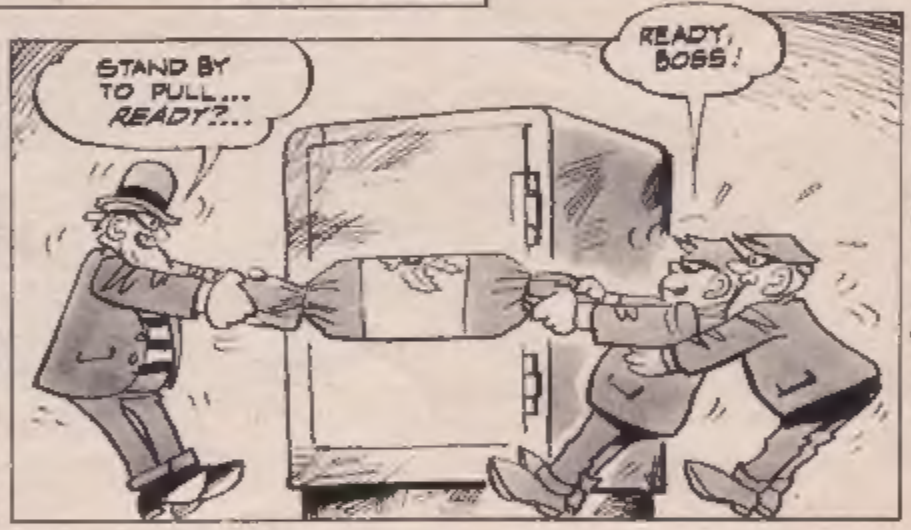
What has fate in store for Skippy? See next week's exciting episode!

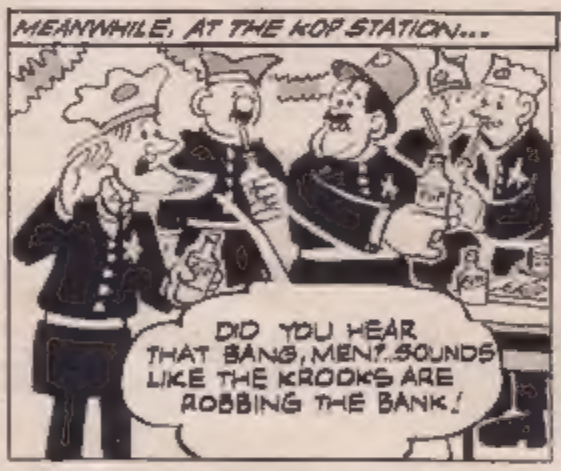
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

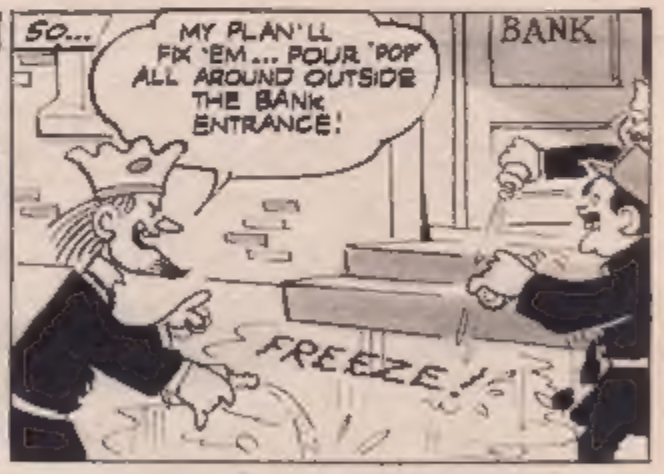
featuring

The Keystone Kops

AT THE KROOKS' HIDEOUT...
THE MANAGER IS HOLDING A PARTY AT THE BANK... I'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE THIS CHRISTMAS CAKE DELIVERED THERE! YUK! YUK! YUK!





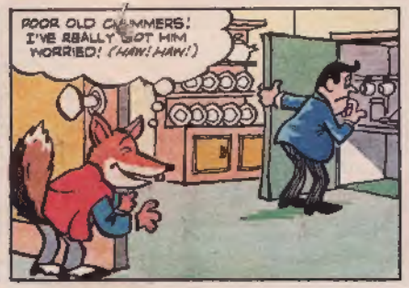


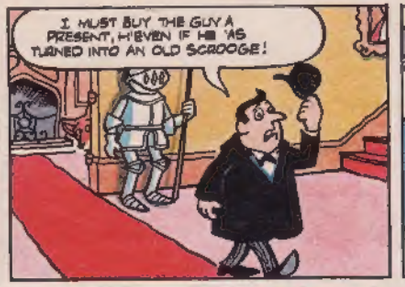
LATER...
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE IN JAIL DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T PULL CRACKERS THROUGH THE BARS... MERRY CHRISTMAS, KROOKS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, KOPS!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

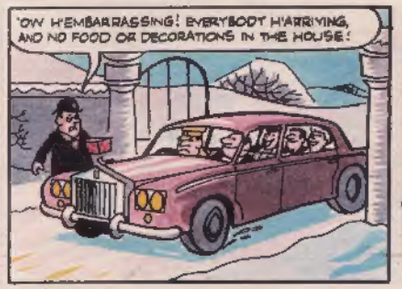
The Krooks wear winter koats knext week and take a komikal walk in the kold!

BASIL BRUSH





TWO HOURS LATER...
BUYING THE GUV'S PRESENT TOOK LONGER THAN I THOUGHT... AND THE GUESTS WILL BE ARRIVING FOR THE PARTY AT ANY MINUTE!

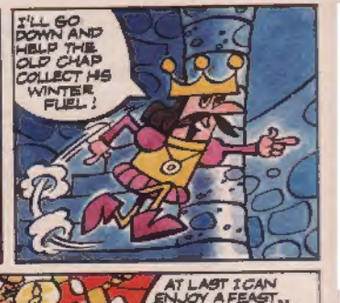


Basil has a thin time when he goes on a diet next week!

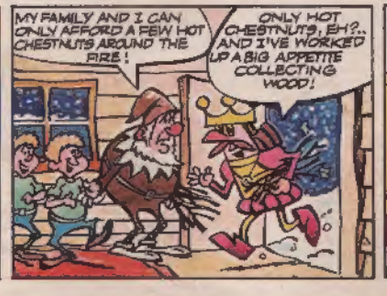
ARTHUR

and his Square Knights of the Round Table

ARTHUR STROLLS OUT ONTO THE BATTLEMENTS...
WHAT A MISERABLE CHRISTMAS... FANCY NOT FEELING HUNGRY! BAH!
GOOD KING WENCESLAS LOOKED OUT ON THE FEAST OF STEPHEN..
HARK! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CAROL!
BRIGHTLY SHONE THE MOON THAT NIGHT THOUGH THE FROST WAS C-R-U-E-L... WHEN A POOR MAN CAME IN SIGHT GATHERING WINTER FUEL...
JUST LIKE THE WORDS OF THE CAROL... THERE'S A POOR MAN GATHERING FIREWOOD! (SNIFF!)



LATER, ARTHUR HELPS CARRY THE WOOD TO THE POOR MAN'S HOME...
PHEW! ALL THAT FIREWOOD COLLECTING HAS WORN ME OUT... TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR CHRISTMAS?
NOTHING VERY MUCH, SIRE!


MY FAMILY AND I CAN ONLY AFFORD A FEW HOT CHESTNUTS AROUND THE FIRE!
ONLY HOT CHESTNUTS, EH?.. AND I'VE WORKED UP A BIG APPETITE COLLECTING WOOD!

AND WHEN THE BOY RETURNS FROM THE CASTLE...
THERE! MY ROYAL NOTE WAS FOR THE CASTLE'S CHEF. HE'S SENT US A CHRISTMAS FEAST!
WHOOPEE!

Next week the Queen throws the castle open and Arthur throws snowballs at the visitors!

Air Progress International

BEETLE BAILEY

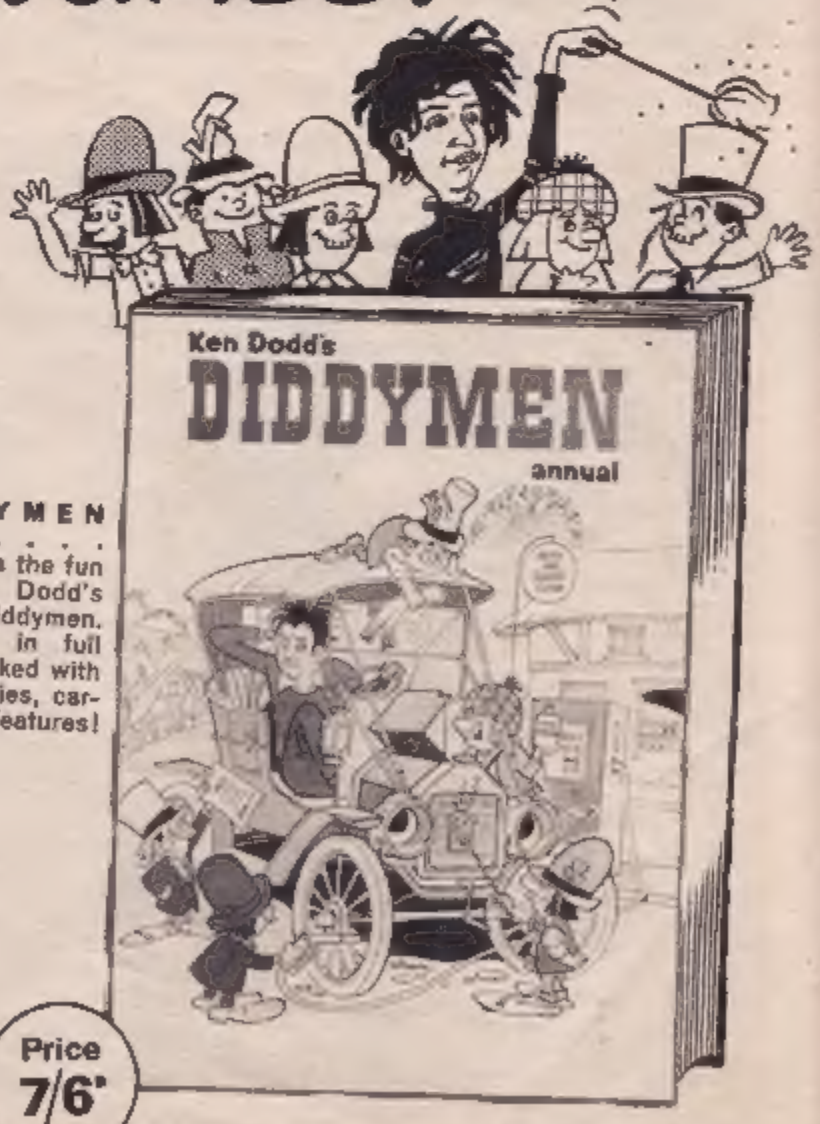
© 1968. King Features Syndicate Inc.

Bailey wears a big pack next week. The story's packed with laughs!

TWO SUPER ANNUALS!

TV COMIC ANNUAL . . . 96 colourful pages of fun, thrills and adventure with all your TV Comic pals, plus super puzzles and games!

Price 10/6*



DIDDYMEN ANNUAL . . . Don't miss the fun with Ken Dodd's famous Diddymen. 64 pages in full colour packed with Diddy stories, cartoons and features!

Price 7/6*

HOW

How shepherds still watch their flocks

THE Bible tells us a lot about shepherds and their way of life, and Jesus likened Himself to the good shepherd who was ready to lay down his life for his sheep. For over 4,000 years sheep have grazed on the hills of Palestine. Even today many shepherds are living almost the same kind of life as those who saw the light over Bethlehem when Jesus was born. The flocks are not large because they have to move about in their search for food and water. An Eastern shepherd does not drive his sheep but leads them, and a good one knows every individual sheep in his flock. At night the sheep are gathered together in a hollow in the hills or a stone enclosure where they can be overlooked by the ever vigilant shepherd.

How and when some of our Christmas customs originated

THE word "Christmas" dates back to the fifth century when the custom of holding a midnight mass began. The ringing of church bells, and the displaying of a crib are customs which started in the Middle Ages and continued to present times. Carol singing also started about this time, but holly wreaths were known to have been popular in Ancient Rome. Christmas trees in this country only date from the last century when Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, sent a fir tree from Germany on which to hang presents for young Prince Edward.

How it is done

ALL you need for this trick, which looks very professional, are two silk ribbons or handkerchiefs of different colours, and a little practice in front of a mirror. To your audience it appears that as you slowly raise your right hand the colours of the silks reverse as in the picture.

The secret is in the way you twist the silks with your left hand, and this is shown clearly in the lower diagram.

Which do not belong?

HERE is a jumble of things, some of them being associated with Christmas, others not really belonging to this season of the year. What are they? You can check your answers at the foot of the page.

How to make a decorative star

TO make this star you need three different coloured papers, those coated with a metallic foil for preference. Use gold or silver for the large points. For the largest points cut five pieces of paper 12 inches long and 3 inches wide, fold them lengthways, and cut them to the shape indicated by the dotted lines in fig. 1. Five pieces of paper 9 inches by 2¼ inches for the smaller points and five pieces 7 inches by 2 inches for the smallest are folded and cut to shape as fig. 2. Place one each of the smaller points in each of the largest, fasten them all together with thin wire or twine as in fig. 3, and your star is finished.

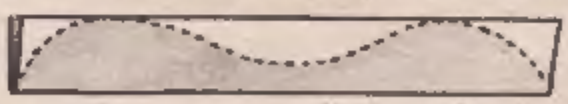


Fig. 1.

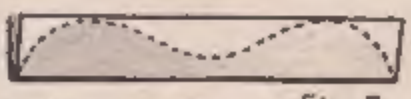


Fig. 2.

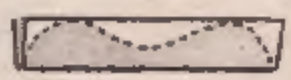


Fig. 3

Answer: All the things associated with summer holidays, such as sultan oil, bucket and spade, sun hat, the swallow now wintering in Africa, the cricket bat and the daffodil

Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production

Plenty of puzzles and problems on next week's HOW page!

PICK OF THE JOKES

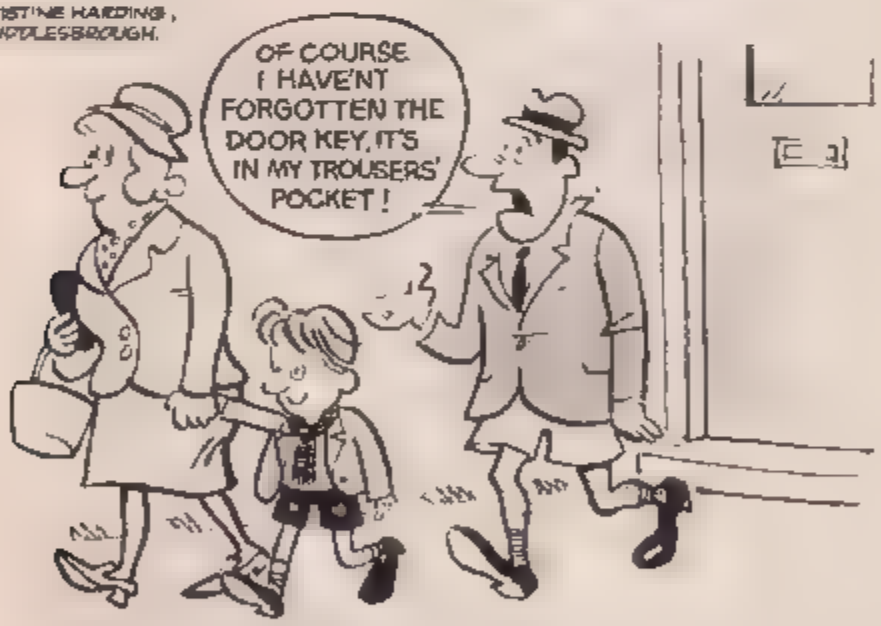
Win £1 Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

CHARLES RODWAY, LONDON, E.6.

FIONA BECKTON, FLEET, HANTS.

A. PATRICK, WIVENHOE, ESSEX

CHRISTINE HARDING, MIDDLESBROUGH.



GLENN SHAW, HEELEY, SHEFFIELD.

SHARON HOWARD, GORTON, MANCHESTER

MICHAEL ENELL, ALCOMBE, SOMERSET.

More jokes next week!

Larry Harmon's Laurel & Hardy

© 1968. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

THANKS TO YOU SPENDING ALL OUR MONEY LAST WEEK WE CAN'T AFFORD A CHRISTMAS MEAL.

AND THERE ISN'T A SCRAP OF GRUB IN THE PLACE! HO HUM!

THE SOUP KITCHENS DOWN THE ROAD DISH OUT SOMETHING WARM TO TRAMPS ON CHRISTMAS DAY... MAYBE THEY'LL FEED US!

IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

WHAT THE?..

SPLATT

IT'S RUINED!

SEEMS A WASTE TO BUY ANOTHER ONE...NOBODY EVER EATS CHRISTMAS PUD ANYWAY... THEY'RE USUALLY TOO FULL UP AFTER THEIR TURKEY!

THAT FAT MAN'S HAT LOOKS LIKE A CHRISTMAS PUD... IT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

SO... IF WE MAY BORROW YOUR HAT, YOU AND YOUR FRIEND CAN JOIN US FOR DINNER!

IT'S A DEAL!

WHOOPEE! WE'LL BE HAVING A CHRISTMAS MEAL AFTER ALL!

A LITTLE LATER...

THERE!... NONE OF MY GUESTS WILL REALISE THIS IS A FAKE PUDDING! HE! HE!

WHAT A CLEVER IDEA USING MY HAT!

A MAGNIFICENT MEAL!

I'LL FULL UP!

GROAN!

ME TOO!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEY'RE ALL TOO FULL TO WANT CHRISTMAS PUDDING!

I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE COULD MANAGE ANY PUDDING AFTER ALL THAT FOOD?

I CAN MANAGE A SLICE... I'LL HELP MYSELF!

CHOP!

OH, NO!

HEY! THIS PUDDING IS YOUR HAT COVERED IN CUSTARD OLLIE!

GULP!

WELL REALLY!

IDIOT!..YOU'VE GIVEN THE GAME AWAY AND RUINED MY BOWLER! TAKE THAT!

YOUCH!

BOP!

I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU, MARY... THIS IS THE FUNNIEST CHRISTMAS I'VE HAD FOR YEARS! HA! HA! HA!

TV Comic incorporating TV Express & Rocket and TV Land is printed in Great Britain by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool 9, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London E.C.4. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London E.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1968.

Doctor WHO

IN a savage jungle battle, Dr. Who and Jamie, driving a huge bulldozer, crush a squad of Quarks. However, many more of the robots from a nearby flying saucer are hot on the space travellers' heels. There are too many to stand and fight so the Doctor removes the bulldozer's silencer, releasing a thunderous roar from the mighty engine. This starts a fantastic stampede . . .

THE THUNDER CLAPS FROM OUR BULLDOZER HAVE STAMPEDED THE ANIMALS AS I PLANNED!

... AND THE QUARKS ARE RIGHT IN THEIR PATH!

BOOM

CRASH

AAARK!...A-L-A-R-M! MONSTER CREATURES ARE BEARING DOWN ON US!

RUMBLE

AARK!

AARK!

THE STAMPEDING ANIMALS STEAM-ROLLER A WHOLE QUARK COMPANY INTO THE DUST...

O-B-L-I-T-E-R-A-T-E-D! AARK!

MY STAMPEDE PUT PAY TO THE QUARKS ... I CAN TURN THE ENGINE OFF NOW!

PHUT

PHUT

SOMETHING'S WRONG, DOCTOR... THE ANIMALS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!

WITH A THOUSAND TRAMPLING HOOVES ONLY SECONDS AWAY, THE DOCTOR REACHES OUT FOR HIS ONLY CHANCE OF SURVIVAL...

MUST GET BACK UP WITH JAMIE ... ANYTHING CAUGHT IN THE WAY OF THOSE CREATURES WILL BE CRUSHED!

© BBC tv 1968

DR. WHO REACHES SAFETY IN THE NICK OF TIME...

CLING ON FOR YOUR LIFE!

RUMBLE!

RAWG!

A FEW TERRIFYING MINUTES, ONLY THREE FEET ABOVE CERTAIN DEATH... AND THEN CALM IS RESTORED...

PHEW

FATE HAS PULLED US THROUGH ONCE AGAIN, JAMIE!

I MUST REPLACE THE BULLDOZER'S SILENCER, JAMIE! WE HAVE WORK TO DO AND THE MACHINE WILL ASSIST US GREATLY!

HEAVY WORK?

OCH, WITH ALL THE DANGERS WE'VE FACED IT'D SLIPPED MAH MIND COMPLETELY!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT THE TARDIS LIES UNDER A TON OF ROCKS?

THE SILENCER IS SOON REPLACED AND THE SPACE TRAVELLERS DRIVE TO WHERE THE TARDIS IS BURIED.

THE 'DOZER HAS BEEN A FAITHFUL FRIEND SO FAR.. LET'S HOPE IT WON'T FAIL US IN THIS LAST TASK!

SLOWLY THE POWERFUL METAL MACHINE BEGINS HEAVING THE GIANT BOULDERS ASIDE...

OUR MECHANISED MONSTER IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE RUBBLE, DOCTOR!

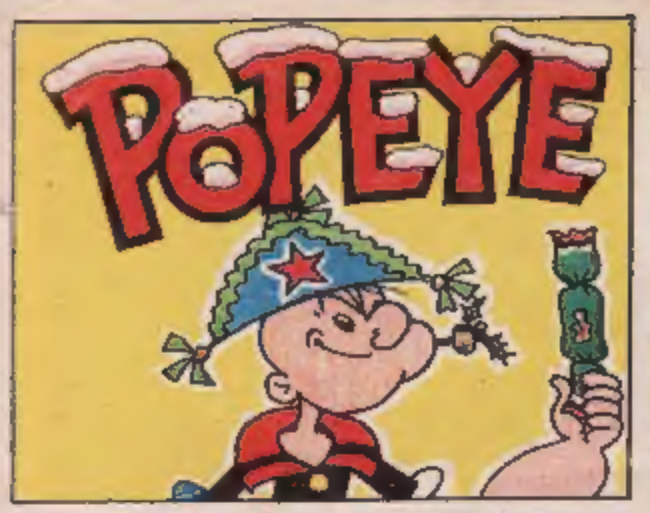
IT CERTAINLY IS... MY BIGGEST WORRY NOW IS THAT THIS TREMENDOUS AVALANCHE MAY HAVE PERMANENTLY DAMAGED THE TARDIS.

BUT AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT...

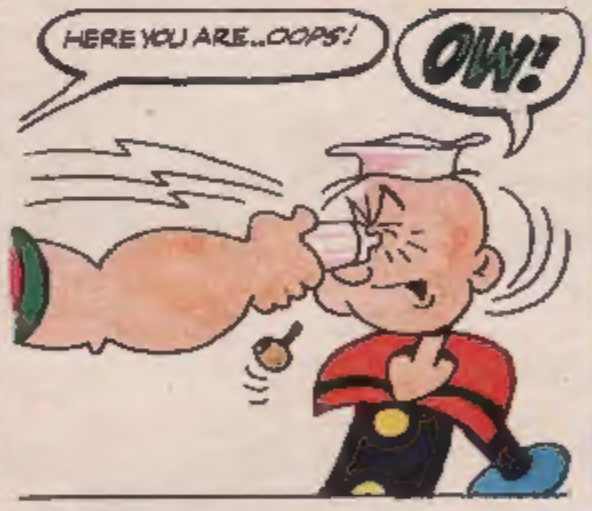
I'VE CHECKED ALL THE CONTROL SYSTEMS.. EVERYTHING'S OKAY! SHALL WE SEEK OUR FORTUNES IN TIME AND SPACE?

AYE, LET'S GET CRACKING ON ANOTHER TRIP, DOCTOR!

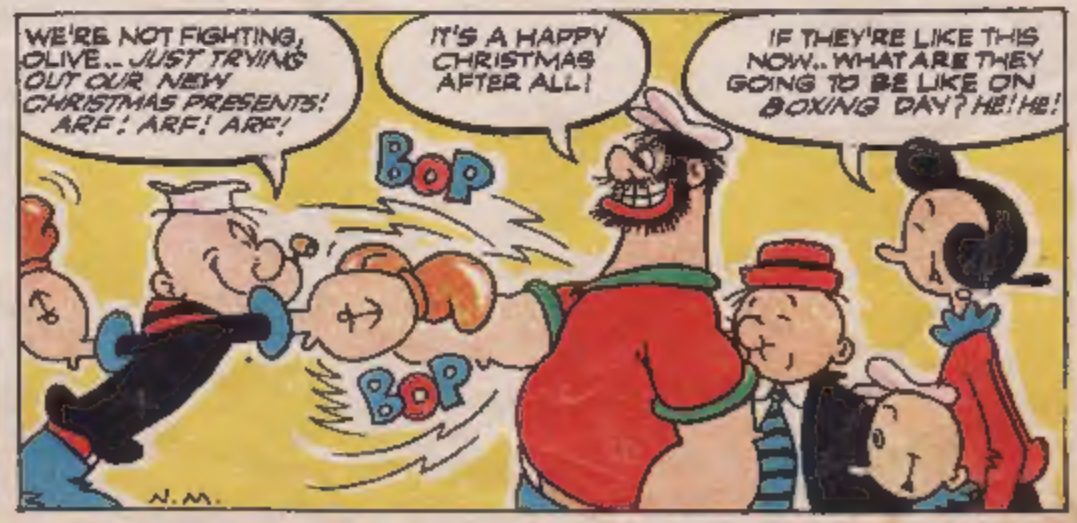
A new all-action adventure starts next week!



LET ME HELP YOU TO YOUR SEAT AT THE DINING TABLE, BRUTUS... IT'S TIME TO START EATING!
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, POPEYE.. BOY, I'M STARVING HUNGRY! (SLURP!)



LATER...
GLOOM
BRUTUS AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF WAYS OF GETTING AT EACH OTHER....IT'S BORING NOT BEING ABLE TO HAVE A GOOD FIGHT!
IT'S TIME TO HAND OUT ALL THE PRESENTS...


WE'RE NOT FIGHTING, OLIVE.. JUST TRYING OUT OUR NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS! ARF! ARF! ARF!
IT'S A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL!
IF THEY'RE LIKE THIS NOW.. WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO BE LIKE ON BOXING DAY? HE! HE!
BOP
BOP
N.M.

© 1968 King Features Syndicate Inc

Popeye resolves not to get into fights next week . . . but . . .